

## THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

## BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

## Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you say—Be that! Whatever you say—Be that! Straightforwardly act. Be honest—in fact. Be nobody else but you."

## POETRY.

## A Fairy Tale.

Curled in a mass of dolls and bric-a-brac  
Lied Miss Mary, aged six,  
Blondly blue-eyed and frank, sparkling,  
Absorbed in her first fairy book,  
From which she scarce can pause to  
look.

"Because it's 'so delicious!'"

"Such marvels, too! a wonderful boat  
In which they cross a magic moor—  
That's smooth as glass to row on—  
A cat that brings all kinds of things;  
And see, the queen has a magic wand,  
Then Oger comes"—and so on.

What trash it is! How sad to find  
(Dear Mother!) the childish mind  
So active and so pliant.  
Rejecting the law in which you mix  
For truths with pleasing fables, to fix  
On tales of dwarf and giant!

In merest prudence men should teach  
That cats mellifluous in speech  
Are painful contradictions;  
That science ranks as monstrous things  
Two pairs of upper limbs—so wings—  
Even angels' wings! are fictions!

That there's no giant now but Steam;  
That life, although 'an empty dream,'  
Is scarce 'a land of Fairy!'"  
"Of course I said all this." Why, no;  
I did a thing far wiser, though—  
I read the tale with Mary.

—Austin Dobson.

## A Boy's Song.

Where the pools are bright and deep,  
Where the trout lie asleep,  
Up the river and o'er the lea,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,  
Where the Hawthorn blooms the sweetest,  
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,  
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,  
There to trace the homeward hoe,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,  
Where the shadow falls the deepest,  
Where the clustering nuts fall free,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away  
Little sweet maidens from the play,  
Or love to learn the value of  
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know: I love to play,  
Through the meadow, among the hay,  
Up the river and o'er the lea,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

—James Hogg (The Ettrick Shepherd)

## UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

It is said, and I think it may be true, that some people live and die without having learned the value of a dollar.

A dollar seems to be a large sum of money for a boy and a small sum for a man.

What is a dollar? It is one hundred cents, and was the most important thing in the fortune of John Jacob Astor. He died worth millions and it took him three years to save his first \$75. The first dollar saved was the beginning of that great fortune.

A dollar ahead means you are a capitalist—a dollar behind that you are a debtor. The difference between success and failure is a dollar.

A dollar in the savings bank will become two dollars in a few years, and \$10 there will become \$20 in the same length of time.

A dollar proves to be a hard thing to keep because our wants are always greater than our needs, and self-indulgence keeps folks poor. Self-denial is what all bank accounts are founded upon, and self-denial represents power and self-indulgence weakness.

A dollar is twenty weeks' maintenance for a Chinese peasant, and a week's pinmoney for an American girl if she buys nice candies.

A surplus dollar is capable of earning four cents a year for you for all time.

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## GAMES YOU CAN PLAY

## A Drawing Game.

The company is seated round a table, each member, with a pencil and a sheet of paper, writes what he thinks would be a good title for a picture. Folding down the top of the paper so that the writing is hidden, he passes it to the person on the right, who reads the title, and folding it down he passes it to the next person, and so on. Then begins the fun of illustrating the second title, and so on. After passing the picture to the next person, who writes in his turn what he thinks this second picture represents. After passing the picture to the next person, who writes in his turn what he thinks this second picture represents. After passing the picture to the next person, who writes in his turn what he thinks this second picture represents.

## Geography Game.

An amusing pastime is the geography game. The players are asked to choose a leader and also an umpire, and this is considered the best way to avoid accusations of unfairness. After the leader is chosen the players are all given pencil and paper and the game begins. The idea is to see who can think of the most geographical names beginning with a given letter in a certain time. In the first place the leader announces the letter to be used. For instance, he says "A," whereupon all the players begin to write as fast as possible geographical names beginning with A. At the end of two minutes, the umpire calls out "Time," and the time limit, the leader calls "Time" and the players must all stop writing. Then the umpire reads the names and the players must all stop writing. Then the umpire reads the names and the players must all stop writing.

until the hen got dizzy and she fell on the floor.  
Then the fox picked her up and put her in a bag and started home.  
When the hen came to she did not know where she was and she took a knife and cut a hole in the bag, jumped out and put a stone in the bag.  
The fox came home and said: "Have you got the little hen?"  
"Yes," said the mother.  
"Open the cover and I will put her in." Close it up quickly the fox said.  
Mother opened the cover and in went the stone, and both were burned to death; but the hen lived happy in her house.

MARY BUSSE, Age 12.  
West Willington.

Fort Griswold.  
Last summer I spent part of my vacation in New London with my aunt and uncle. We enjoyed several pleasure trips. I will relate one of them.

One morning we arose to find the sun shining brightly in the clear blue sky. A cloudless sky, which gave promise of a bright day.

My aunt proposed that we go to visit Fort Griswold in Groton. I was delighted to see it, as I had read and heard a great deal concerning it.

We went word to two other cousins of mine to go with us. They accepted the invitation, which made a party of six.

We started at 12 o'clock and took a street car and rode to State street. We waited for the ferry for about 10 or 15 minutes.

The boat arrived and we went on board. It was a short sail, of course, as Groton is within easy reach of New London and is separated from this city by the Thames river.

I enjoyed it very much, because about ten years ago, when I was two years old, I went on this same ferry-boat (Governor Winthrop) when it was first built, but not, however, the monument; and in that lapse of years I had not been on the ferry until last summer.

It is quite a distance between the ferry landing to the fort. As we neared it we could see the fort and the monument. We walked a little farther and the top of the monument appeared far up above the trees.

When we reached the grounds surrounding it we sank down to rest on the velvet grass. When we had rested long enough we prowled over the fort. At that time, in the middle of July, everything was in full bloom and the grass and turf on the battlements were a bright green.

We passed through the dark trenches which my cousin called the "spook-holes" and I agree with her, for it gave me the creeps to think of the boys who had once suffered there.

Afterwards we saw the well from which the soldiers drew water. We saw our names on it with a jackknife. Then we looked at a small slab of granite inclosed within an iron fence that made it impossible to touch. It was a leaden fell, pierced through the heart with his own sword in the hands of a brave soldier who had just surrendered the fort.

In Wadsworth Museum, Hartford, the vest and shirt worn by Ledyard on the day of his death is kept to show visitors.

We stood on the battlements and looked out over the city of New London harbor as far down as Fishers Island.

My aunt had passed through the gates of the fort, which looks as if it was guarded because of the two large guns and cannon on each side, we went to the fort.

The granite monument, which was erected in 1830, was built from the receipts of a lottery.

A marble tablet placed above its entrance is inscribed:

This Monument was erected under the patronage of Congress in 1830, and in the 55th year of the Independence of the U. S. A.

In memory of the brave soldiers who fell in the massacre of Fort Griswold, A. D. 1781, when the British, under the command of Benedict Arnold, burnt the towns of New London and Groton, and woe throughout this region.

A few years ago this monument was struck by lightning and cracked, but the damage was soon repaired, for the statue of the hero was not injured. By and see this dear old memorial fall to ruin.

We saw now how low in the west, and we retraced our steps homeward, a tired but happy party, with curiosity satisfied.

We left the old monument and fort to its solitude with memories of bygone days.

DOROTHY P. KING, Age 12.  
Plainfield.

The Rescue.  
It was an excellent day in December. The wind was keen and raw, the air was very cold and the sun shining on the snow made it sparkle like diamonds. The fox always locked the door behind her.

One morning she went out to get some wood and I am going to catch her."

"Mother, put on water, the hen is getting wood and I am going to catch her."

When she heard that set wood he run into the house.

She shut the door and said: "I am glad I am in the house away from the fox."

Then the fox came from behind the door. The hen flew on a post in the house. Then the fox turned around

chair in the doorway. He seemed to like this better than anything else. Then the fox picked her up and put her in a bag and started home.

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MARY BUSSE, Age 12.  
Stafford Springs.

Silk.  
Many years ago an empress of China discovered that very fine thread which a certain kind of caterpillar spun in making its cocoon might be woven into beautiful silks.

We may think of the Chinese silk-worm as a domestic animal, for it is reared just as cattle are, and is the only caterpillar reared for its silk.

When the silkworm is hatched it is a tiny creature, and it feeds continually on mulberry or osage-orange leaves, and it becomes one of the largest caterpillars. Then it spins its cocoon, which is heated to kill the larva, or it would otherwise become a moth.

In Japan, China and Italy, a girl is paid two cents a day to reel the yellow silk into skeins. She dips the cocoon into a vat of water, and then she holds the threads together.

It takes about one thousand cocoons to make a pound of raw silk.

The United States buys about one-third of the exports of raw silk. France, Germany, Switzerland and England are large buyers.

The United States, France, Germany and Switzerland make about four-fifths of the silk goods produced by western nations.

The greatest silk mills are in New York, New Jersey, New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

The greatest silk manufacturing center is Paterson, New Jersey, which is the largest reeling mill in the world.

MICHAEL J. BURNS.  
Fitchville.

The Indian Boy's Destiny.  
A long time ago in a small village there lived ten Indian boys who were always out at dusk. They were great friends, who always went together.

One of them was a great singer. One day they asked their mother for food with which to feed the boys. The mother didn't give it to them.

At dusk they went out into the woods to amuse themselves. The singer began to sing and the boys danced in a circle and the singer was in the center of the circle.

While they were dancing around they all changed to cone bearers or pines.

The mothers came to call them but were disappointed. Now they regret because they didn't give the boys what they wanted.

They all changed to cone bearers or pines. The boys changed to circles of branches.

That tells us the Indian boy's destiny.

ANNA RESNICK, Age 13.  
Bozrahville.

A Ghost.  
As I was coming home from a neighbor's house on Saturday night I saw something dressed in white following me. I didn't take any notice of it, as I thought it was a neighbor's cow; but I thought I heard it talking to itself.

I turned around and saw a ghost behind me. I turned and ran home as fast as I could. When I got home I told my father that a ghost was following me.

He then lighted the lantern, told my older brother and I went out. My brother put on his overcoat, took his rifle and went with father. They soon came back, and hadn't seen anything, so my belief in seeing a ghost was only a fancy.

MARTIN DELINSKY, Age 12.  
Bozrahville.

Coal.  
Many years ago there were great swamps. In these immense swamps were enormous trees of soft, pulpy wood, ferns, and strange plants. As these trees grew old they fell and were covered by water. My swamps sank and dirt washed in. The dirt became rock and pressed upon the buried plants, which were squeezed closely together.

The heat of the earth cooked them and between the heat and the pressure everything but the black carbon was squeezed out of these trees and plants, and the black carbon was left.

We found this black rock and called it coal.

FLORENCE WILSON, Age 14.  
East Willington.

My Fishing Trip.  
My first fishing trip this year was April 3, 1915. It was a teachers' meeting day I had a good chance to go. I went with two of my friends.

We went to the river. We collected places we had to go on the bank, for the water was too deep.

At first we didn't have any good luck, for the fish wouldn't bite. But in one place, where the water was too deep to wade, we went on the bank and threw our rods and reels up and have to wait long before the fish began biting. I pulled in my line and caught a small trout. We didn't go from that place very far, but when we did we had caught six trout.

We caught a couple more fish down the river and we satisfied with what we got for the first day's fishing.

HARRY LEVI, Age 12.  
Bozrahville.

My Useful Pet.  
I have a dog named Bruno. He likes to play with me and is ready to help any time.

One day I went to the pasture. I went to the pasture. I could not find the cattle. I hunted and hunted for a long time till I was tired, then returned home for him. Soon I could see them running and jumping with the dog after the frisky things which were driven into the barnyard by the dog.

FRANK H. KOWATS, Age 12.  
Stafford Springs.

The Fox.  
This terror of hen roosts and delight of sportsmen is found in most parts of America and many other countries. It varies very much in color and size, according to the country where it lives.

The habits of the fox are mostly nocturnal. It lies by day concealed in its burrow, if it is fortunate enough to possess one. At evening it sallies out in search of food, and woe to the unfortunate hare, rabbit, pheasant or fowl that comes in its way.

JOSEPH LEVI, Age 14.  
Bozrahville.

Lazy Pussy.  
Pussy was a lazy cat. She was so lazy she did not seem to see the rats and mice when they came out for a good meal.

She would sit by the fire and doze. Everybody said she was a good-for-nothing cat.

Finally she said: "This will never do." So she went to work. She soon killed all the rats and mice.

SUSAN HATTIN, Age 10.  
Mount Hope.

Wasp's Nest.  
Wasp's nests are most easily taken at the end of the season, when the inhabitants are somewhat benumbed, and the nest is empty.

Most wasps are community dwellers, and live in a nest, and their union is for the benefit of the whole.

try among wasps as among ants, each worker having a place.

The nests of these wonderful paper walls and partitions, are made wholly by themselves and are fragile yet durable.

The female wasps are the most interesting and the care given them are both interesting and instructive. The hornet belongs to the same family.

MOLLIE SEGAL, Age 11.  
Norwich.

How John Was Cured.  
John Thompson was a smart, healthy and good boy, but he didn't have any playmates and was hated by everyone because he had one bad habit—he told lies.

One day as he was going to the village store to buy a few pounds of candy for some company he met three of his school fellows.

"Where are you going, John?" they inquired.

John told them, "and," he added, "I am going to buy five barrels of flour, ten pounds of candy and fourteen loaves of bread."

They wondered but said nothing. They quite knew Johnny. They lay down the road and when John and his friends went back he had only the candy and not ten pounds of it, either.

They asked him if he could climb the telephone pole nearest them.

"Sure!" said John. "I do it every time I come this way."

They asked him to do it, but he said that he must hurry home.

They wouldn't let him go, so he began climbing. He was halfway up the pole when he was half way up he fell down and told the boys between his legs that he would never lie again, and he kept his word.

Now he is a good boy at school and everywhere he goes for everyone.

Let all the Wide Awakes remember "Honesty is the best policy."

HARNEY BERKMAN, Age 13.  
Yantic.

A Considerate Offer Refused.  
An Irish sailor had been sent aloft to do a piece of work and had taken a very long time about it.

"Come down, you lazy vagabond," cried the foreman, and give you a dozen with the rope's end."

Pat was not eager to be beaten and, with the usual native wit, replied:

"I wouldn't mind being beaten even though you offered me two dozen."

CORA PRIGEAU, Age 11.  
Taftville.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Jeremiah's Vision.  
Dear Uncle Jed: I think it would prove a difficult task to find a boy or girl who does not like figs. I am very fond of figs, and I have seen many of them grow in Guernsey, where I used to live.

As I said quantities come from the Mediterranean, the choicest kind being those grown in the neighborhood of Smyrna. Fig culture is one of the principal industries of that district, and it has been so from the earliest times.

I have seen the word figs referred to in the Bible, and I have nearly finished reading the Old Testament, and the fig is also referred to in the New Testament.

Hezekiah in his illness was told by the prophet Isaiah to make use of a fig tree, and he did so, and he was cured. I thought I would tell you of this, and I have nearly finished reading the Old Testament, and the fig is also referred to in the New Testament.

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him who is the maker and framer of our bodies.

There are about one hundred and fifty muscles concerned in keeping the body's erect posture, and about two hundred are employed in the